

# The Onion

(a poem)

Just a humble vegetable  
consider me,  
if you're able

So much flavor  
packed inside  
In paper skin  
I do abide

Cook me tender  
or slice me raw  
just use a good knife  
you don't need a saw

Have you seen  
my circular layers?  
They make nice garnish  
(but not party favors)

My flavor is strong

but I'm good for you  
I might help  
with cold and flu

I'm sorry if I  
made your breath stink  
and left a foul odor  
in your sink

One more thing  
and I'll say goodbye  
I'm sorry if  
I made you cry

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